

## THE OLD MOVIE STAR

there's one with dimples  
he was the dasher  
he's 75 now  
still has the dimples  
mainly the one  
in his  
chin  
and he stands the  
same way  
you know:  
flexible to all the  
forces of life.

he really seems the  
Forever Guy  
the way he  
was  
still is:  
necktie proper  
and when upset  
only in the grandest  
manner.

I was in the parking  
lot of the racetrack  
with Linda  
the other day  
we were walking in  
and she said,  
"I'm sure I saw him!"

and I asked her  
who  
and she told  
me.

"he got onto that  
special elevator that  
runs right up the side  
of the building and up  
into the clubhouse!"

we looked -- sure enough  
the special elevator  
was going right up the  
edge of the building

up and up

and he was on it.

we watched.

we stared upwards  
as the elevator ran  
all the way up  
stopped

and he must have  
gotten off.

the elevator  
descended and  
Linda said, "Mother  
loves him!"

we watched the  
elevator descend  
slowly

it seemed as if  
he were still  
in it.

then we sensed  
he wasn't and  
moved together toward  
the entrance with  
some of the other  
people.

## MORNING AFTER

I awaken sick  
go to the bathroom  
do what I do  
then  
come back  
to the bedroom.

she's sitting up  
in bed:  
"you know what you  
did last night?"

I climb into bed.  
"no, what did I  
do?"

"you pulled your  
knife on the  
maître d'."



"yeah?"

"yes, we'll never  
be able to go to  
the POLO LOUNGE  
again," she  
says.

"is that where  
we were?"

"yes, we had to  
take a taxi back.  
our car's still  
out there."

I get out of bed  
walk over to a  
window  
stick my head  
out: "holy shit,  
I can't live  
without my  
car!"

"they should have  
known better than  
to invite you to  
the wedding," she  
says.

I pull my head  
in from the  
window  
turn and look  
at her: "who  
got married?"

she turns over  
in bed  
facing away  
from me  
and pulls the  
covers up  
almost over  
her head.

#### ONE FOR DEAR OLD DAD

Hemingway typed first,  
then drank.  
I drink and type.  
I drink and type  
and write about  
drinking and typing away  
most of the nights.  
it's easy.

my father -- who has been  
dead for 25 years --  
would hate to see me  
doing this now  
with this small smirk  
on my face ...  
the bottle  
to my left, and  
the room blue  
with cigar smoke and  
classical music.

but he'd like the  
money.  
he was crazy about  
money.

he would finally say,  
"well, any way you  
do it, as long as ..."

he always said,  
"you'll always be a  
bum and a drunk.  
you can't face  
anything. you  
hate work."

he was right, you  
know.  
for his sake, I  
hope he can't see  
me  
fucking off again  
tonight.